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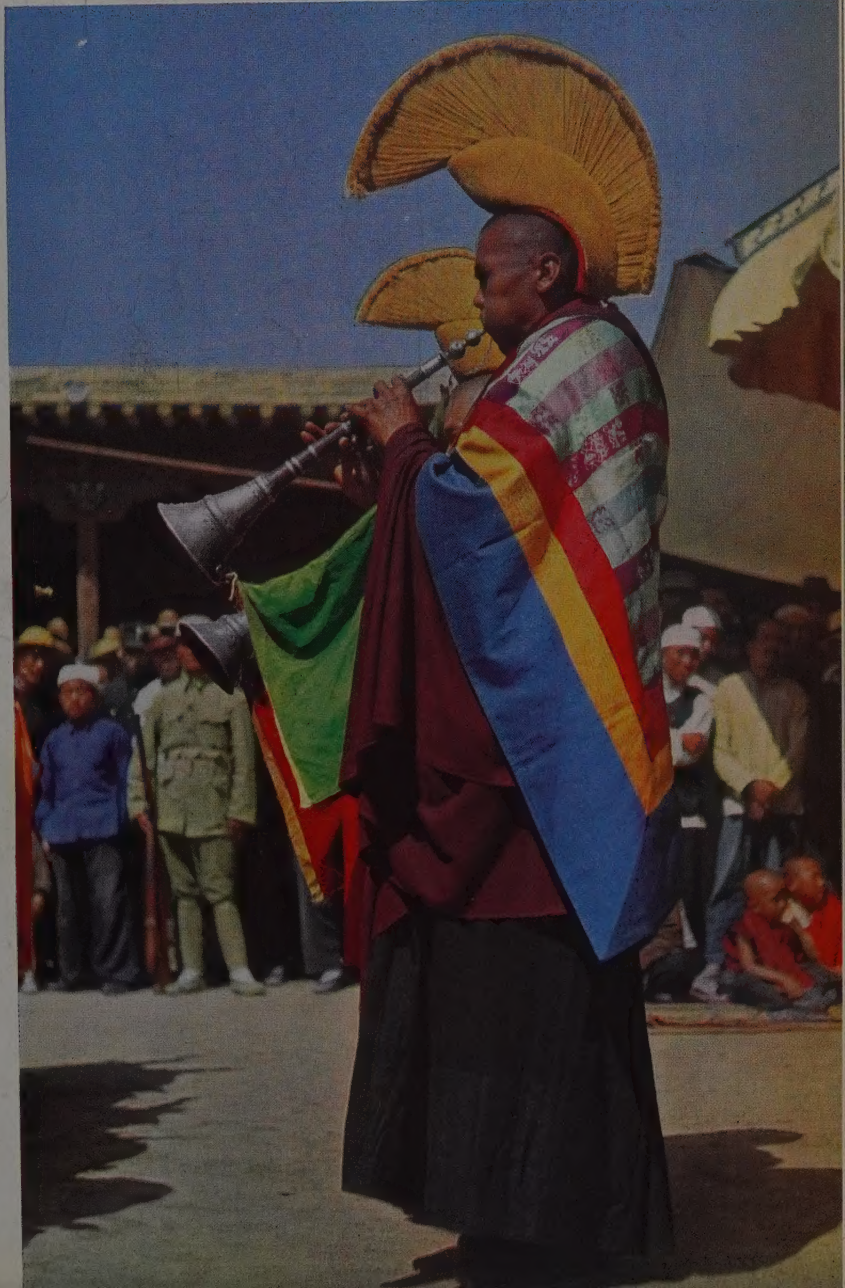
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PAGES IN
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NEW WORDS for NEW TIMES

“Escalator” — “Schweppervescence”

The Grand Staircase has gone the way of the Grand Manner.
Schweppes, quietly lending its name to the language, changes only
to get, if possible, better.

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through

Trollope as a Travel-Writer

by ALAN ROSS

There has lately been a great revival of interest in the work of Anthony Trollope as a novelist; little, however, has been said or written at any time about the far from insignificant aspect of his life and work with which the following article deals. Mr Ross has published one travel-book, on Corsica (Time Was Away, John Lehmann), and has recently finished a book on the Gulf of Naples

BETWEEN 1859 and 1878 Trollope wrote four long travel books—*The West Indies and the Spanish Main, North America, Australia and New Zealand*, and *South Africa*. They were not books written in the modern manner as literary exercises, nor accounts of travels, in the sense that the journeys undertaken were in any sense remarkable. They were in each case enquiries into conditions and ways of life, examinations, from a disinterested, lay point of view, of the several workings out of an Empire policy. As might perhaps be expected they alone of Trollope's books combine in their style the writer and the government servant. They are in essence day-to-day reports, sometimes trivial and personal, sometimes the result of earnest enquiry into facts and effects of administration. They are the work of the bureaucrat turned humanist, the trained factual observer touched with a rare felicity of imagination; and these four books, more than any of Trollope's novels and considerably more than his novelist's account-book autobiography, show the natural man thinking and writing as he observes. The virtue of these books—the one on the West Indies is much the best—is their directness, their lack of artifice or distortion. They were all written *en route*, in the way though not the form of journals, so that their impressionism is immediate, their observation and feeling for atmosphere instinctive. This is the romantic artist's (how unreal this sounds in connection with Trollope!) not the scholar's way of writing, and its faults, such as they are, come from a gradual development of knowledge—the early conclusions tend to seem naïve through a lack of full acquaintance with the facts, and ultimately to be qualified almost out of existence. But it is nonetheless the way of learning, and the way of feeling ('feeling' in the Lawrentian sense—"the facts may be against me, but I know I'm right, I feel it *here*, in my stomach") which has its own truth.

The real interest of these four books is not so much in their subject-matter as in their method of composition. The conditions

which Trollope describes have obviously altered; so also must many, though certainly not all, of the administrative abuses; the racial discriminations, have been corrected. In none of the four books does Trollope indulge in any sensuous description of landscape or climate. His talent was for keeping close to things observed, for charging his nervous stimuli to a high pitch of receptivity.

The secondary interest of Trollope's travel books is in their provision of material for his short stories. Both on his postal duties and for pleasure, Trollope travelled very widely in Europe and the Middle East, as well as in the Colonies. He published three volumes of short stories, *Tales of All Countries*, in 1861, 1863 and 1870, nearly all of which are firmly based on observations made during his travels and inspired by the creative release new places always gave him. They are not of any great value as short stories, but they are all relevant to an understanding of Trollope as a writer. Similarly, the two short novels *Nina Balatka* and *Linda Tressell* (1868), published anonymously in an effort to see if a second reputation could be made without leaning on the first, are solid pieces of descriptive writing, which reproduce Prague and Nuremburg in unmistakable terms.

Trollope thought perhaps over-highly of the literary merits of these books, but their local atmosphere and their feeling for subtly different ways of life are excellent. These short novels and the three series of *Tales of All Countries* are, however, only the by-products of Trollope's travel observations. Much more interesting, and in critical studies almost entirely neglected, are the travel-books themselves—those heavily-bound, rarely reprinted, and ominously unread volumes which a century after their publication are surprisingly readable as well as informative.

"In the autumn of 1858 I was asked to go to the West Indies, and cleanse the Augean stable of our Post Office system there." So, in the unadventurous manner of the *Autobiography*, Trollope sets out the conditions of his West Indian visit. "As soon as I had

learned", he continues, "from the secretary at the General Post Office that this journey would be required, I proposed the book to Messrs Chapman and Hall, demanding £250 for a single volume . . . I regard it as the best book that has come from my pen. It is short, and I think I may venture to say, amusing, useful and true. I began it on board the ship in which I left Kingston, Jamaica, for Cuba—and from week to week I carried it on as I went." The passage that follows gives the whole key to Trollope's methods as a travel-writer and it is worth quoting in full for the light it sheds on the general conception that underlies all four books.

The fact memorable to me now is that I never made a single note while writing or preparing it. Preparation, indeed, there was none. The descriptions and opinions came hot on to the paper from their causes. I will not say that this is the best way of writing a book intended to give accurate information. But it is the best way of producing to the eye of the reader, and to his ear, that which the eye of the writer has seen and his ear heard. There are two kinds of confidence which a reader may have in his author—which two kinds the reader who wishes to use his reading well should carefully discriminate. There is a confidence in facts and a confidence in vision. The one man tells you accurately what has been. The other suggests to you what may, or perhaps what must have been, or what ought to have been. The former requires simple faith. The latter calls upon you to judge for yourself, and form your own conclusions. The former does not intend to be prescient, nor the latter accurate. Research is the weapon used by the former; observation by the latter. Either may be false . . . But the man who writes *currente calamo*, who works with a rapidity which will not admit of accuracy, may be as true, and in one sense as trustworthy, as he who bases every word upon a rock of facts. I have written very much as I have travelled about; and though I have been very inaccurate, I have always written the exact truth as I saw it;—and I have, I think, drawn my pictures correctly.

There is much, I think, that is dubious in the dialectics of this passage—the false opposition of facts and vision, the assumption of a difference in kind between accuracy and truth; but the essential point of Trollope's contentions, a post-dated *apologia*, is unmistakable. Nonetheless, although a reliance on what the eye can see may not in itself ever lie, its truth is limited. It is the outcome of a partial view.

Trollope, in his anxiety to justify this method of writing, makes perhaps too much

mystique from both its virtues and vices. For his own character minimized the danger of over-hasty deduction just as his literary technique, in its common-sense manner of approach to people, places and problems, avoided picaresque over-writing. In fact, from the evidence of his books, Trollope's travel-manner stands midway between the reduction of place to personality and the treatment of places purely in terms of problems.

The West Indies and the Spanish Main (1859) is possibly the only book about which Trollope's own judgment can be relied on. For if it is not his best book, it certainly contains much of his best writing. In it his style gives somehow the effect of being on holiday; his own personality is rather more than usually indulged. There is a good deal of anecdote, much description of his personal discomforts, and a sharper irony than is usual in his novels. Yet the impression the whole book gives is one of good temper. The writer is enjoying himself at the expense of the Civil Servant; but he remains essentially in his formal guise. His book is the product of those becalmed hours when, administrative reporting completed, what rises in images from between those staid, precise lines is what really matters.

But, in between all this, there is a wealth of information in the book; about landscape and climate, social conditions, labour, criminal justice and health. More important even than its contemporary suggestions for improvement, its interest today comes from its readability. Were one, now in 1949, setting out for the West Indies on that same journey from "Kingston in Jamaica to Cien Fuegos in the island of Cuba" one could hardly imagine a better guide.

The same unfortunately cannot be said of the three other travel books. About *North America* (1862), a much longer, much less readable book, Trollope himself offers the concisest and best description. He had wanted for many years to go to America to write a book, correcting the opinions expressed in a popular book by his mother thirty years previously. The outbreak of the War of Secession in 1861 gave him an opportunity to approach Chapman and Hall to commission him, on the grounds that public interest was high enough at that moment for an up-to-date report on American problems. Trollope managed to arrange both this and nine months' leave from the Post Office. "The book I wrote", he says in his *Autobiography*, "was written almost without a note. It con-

tained much information, and, with many inaccuracies, was a true book. But it was not well done. It is tedious and confused, and will hardly, I think, be of future value to those who wish to make themselves acquainted with the United States."

Ten years later, in 1871, Trollope went out to visit his son, who was sheep-farming in Australia. "I had, however," he wrote, "the further intentions of writing a book about the entire group of Australasian Colonies, and in order that I might be enabled to do that with sufficient information, I visited them all. Making my head-quarters at Melbourne, I went to Queensland, New South Wales, Tasmania, then to the very little known territory of Western Australia, and then, last of all, to New Zealand. I was absent in all eighteen months. . ."

Australia and New Zealand (1873) consists of two long volumes, dealing largely with problems of colonization, separation, and wool-farming. This, most of all the travel books, is the work of the English Civil Servant: an impersonal enquiry into the development of the various Australian states—a discussion about their loyalty ("The loyalty of the colonies is very strong. In England, to speak the truth, we do not know much about loyalty. We believe in our form of government, we believe in the Crown and in Parliament; and we believe in the practical sense of the people at large . . . This may be better than loyalty, but it is not loyalty")—an irritability at the laziness of the aboriginal being taken for dignity ("To my eyes the deportment of the dignified aboriginal is that of a sapient monkey imitating the gait and manners of a do-nothing white dandy")—an account of legislature, religion, education and commerce. It is essentially a work of information, a handbook for future settlers and administrators, with a cautious speculative preface in which Trollope stresses the necessity of Australia being administered only in terms of her own good.

A short passage in this book shows Trollope's own attitude towards descriptive writing, where in a sense he capitalizes on his own poetic deficiencies: "I doubt whether I ever read any description of scenery which gave me an idea of the place described, and I am not sure that such effect can be obtained by words. Scott in prose, and Byron in verse, are both eloquent in declaring that this or that place is romantic, picturesque, or charming . . . But the charm conveyed has been in the words of the writer, not in the beauty of the place. I know that the task

would be hopeless were I to attempt to make others understand the nature of the beauty of Sydney Harbour. I can say that it is lovely, but I cannot paint its loveliness."

Trollope's *South Africa*, almost his last published book, appeared in two volumes in 1878. He had been intending for some time to visit South Africa and report on it, so that his series of colonial studies would be complete. But he had consistently postponed the idea until it began to seem too late: "There was growing on me the consciousness that I was becoming too old . . . Then suddenly the newspapers became full of the Transvaal Republic . . . I made up my mind that now if ever must I visit South Africa."

Trollope's account of this visit, if neither as well-written nor as amusing as *The West Indies* and *the Spanish Main*, is still a very good book. It is immensely conscientious in its disentangling and weighing of racial issues and the problems of federation; it attempts to consider colonization fairly from both the native and settler's points of view; it describes fully the history of each of the colonies in turn; and finally, Trollope attempts a summary which, over-simplified and unsubtle as it is, still seems to hold good in essentials.

Looking back at our dominion over South Africa which has now lasted for nearly three quarters of a century I think that we have cause for national pride. We have on the whole been honest and humane, and the errors into which we have fallen have not been greater than the extreme difficulty of the situation has made, if not necessary, at any rate natural . . . There has been a want of what I have once before ventured to call 'official tradition'. The intention of Great Britain as to her Colonies as expressed by Parliament has not been made sufficiently plain for the guidance of the Colonial Office . . . But the question which is of all the one of moment is the condition of the coloured races. Just now there is still continued among a small fraction of them a disturbance which the opponents of the present Government in the Cape Colony delight to call a War. In spite of this . . . the coloured man has been benefited by our coming. He has a better hut, better food, better clothing, better education, more liberty, less to fear and more to get, than he had when we came among him, or than he would have enjoyed had we not come. If this be so, we ought to be contented with what our Government has done.

The journey through South Africa was the last long journey Trollope made. A year later, 1879, his novel *John Caldigate* appeared, and three years after that he himself was dead. Only the *Autobiography*, with the subsequent crash of his reputation, remained to come.

Mongolia: Filter or Floodgate?

by OWEN LATTIMORE

All along the border of the Soviet Union in Europe and Asia there are regions whose peoples, by the reception they give to foreign ideas, will shortly affect the course of world history. One of these is Mongolia. Mr Lattimore's many journeys in, and books about, Central Asia lend high authority to his assessment of the present Mongol attitude towards Russian and other influences. He is Director of the Page School of International Relations at Johns Hopkins University, U.S.A.

By long habit, many people still think of the frontier between China and Russia—a land frontier more than twice as long as the frontier between Canada and the United States—as a line on the map where Russians come face to face with Chinese. The truth is, however, that only in easternmost Siberia and part of Manchuria do Chinese and Russians live in contact in any numbers. The rest of the frontier is a vast area—bigger than all of Western Europe, inhabited by peoples who are neither Russians nor Chinese.

The most important of these peoples are the Mongols and the various Turkish-speaking peoples of Central Asia. The Mongols reach from the western plains of the Manchurian provinces of China all the way into the Central Asian province of Sinkiang, or Chinese Turkistan, where they come into touch with both nomadic and oasis peoples who speak several of the Central Asian Turkish languages.

From north to south there is a marked stratification of the Mongols. First, in Siberia, around Lake Baikal, come the Buryat Mongols of the Buryat-Mongolian Associate Soviet Socialist Republic, whose territory forms part of the Soviet Union.

In the middle come the Mongols of Outer Mongolia, now the Outer Mongolian People's Republic, which though politically a Soviet satellite is not territorially a part of the Soviet Union. The great majority of these Mongols belong to the tribal group known as Khalkha. They regard themselves as the descendants of the main body of the Mongols who created the empire of Jenghis Khan, and claim to be the guardians of the purest Mongol tradition in language and culture.

To the south, between the Gobi and the Great Wall of China, and also to the east, in the vast western plains of Manchuria, are the Mongols of Inner Mongolia, who regard themselves as descendants of the garrisons that held China under Mongol rule in the 13th and 14th centuries.

The Mongols of Inner Mongolia are strongly influenced by Chinese culture. Many

of them speak Chinese in addition to their own language, and many have abandoned the traditional nomadic herdsman's life to take up—though unwillingly—the Chinese forms of agriculture. The Mongols of Outer Mongolia show the influence of Chinese culture much less. Until recently, few of them spoke any language except their own Khalkha Mongol. In the past twenty-five years there has been a rapid spread of Russian influence; but until then Russian ideas and ways of doing things, like Chinese ideas and ways of doing things, were little in evidence. In Buryat Mongolia, on the other hand, Russian influence has been strong for 350 years. Most Buryats speak at least some Russian, in addition to Mongol. Some Buryats speak only Russian. Even here, however, marks of Chinese cultural contact are not altogether absent. Chinese silks and satins are the traditional material for the brightly-coloured dresses that are worn on ceremonial occasions, even though the cut of the dresses ordinarily worn by women shows more Russian than Chinese influence.

For many centuries, in fact, the cultural pattern of the Mongol domain has shown a strong Chinese tinge at the southern edge, fading rapidly in the middle zone and tending to die out at the northern edge as the Siberian meadows and forests were met. The very slight changes brought about by centuries of contact with China is evidence that the Mongol culture itself had great vitality: it was able to filter out both Chinese and Russian influences, and served to keep the world of Russia and the world of China apart from each other.

Resistance to Chinese influence has become more marked in recent decades, socially more conscious, culturally more defiant, and politically more organized. The most important factor in the hardening process has been the spread of railways—which, ironically, were in the first place not adopted willingly by the Chinese themselves, but forced on them by the demands of the Western nations. As railways penetrated into southern Inner



All photographs by V. Grebnev, SIB Photoservice, Moscow

The Mongol population of Central Asia is spread out across 1500 miles from Sinkiang to Manchuria between China and the U.S.S.R. The northern part of this area is being strongly influenced by Russia—and has been for 350 years in the case of the Buryat-Mongolian Associate Soviet Socialist Republic. Here agriculture, for example, has been modernized: Tseren Tugutov (above), whose Mongolian ancestors led a nomadic existence, now heads a field-husbandry team on a collective farm

Mongolia from the Great Wall and eastern Inner Mongolia from Manchuria, Chinese colonists began to pour into the Mongol pasture-lands. As the best land was put under the plough, the Mongols were forced back into drier, sandier land. Their flocks and herds became poorer, and over-grazing, because of over-crowding, hastened erosion and economic decline. Because they could do nothing else, many Mongols took up farming in the Chinese manner, but because they were forced into this change they did not regard it as an improvement in their way of life. Agricultural Mongols are often despised by their Chinese neighbours as not really civilized, and looked down on by their nearest nomad Mongol neighbours as defeated people who are no longer really Mongols. To do things in the Chinese way has therefore become, among Mongols, a mark of loss of prestige and not a mark of successful achievement.

There has never been the same resistance to Russian influences. The Buryats, among whom Russian influence is oldest and strongest, were partly conquered by the Russians. Many Buryats, on the other hand, began to associate voluntarily with the Russians early in the 17th century. The Manchu conquests, which eventually brought Tibet, Sinkiang and Mongolia under Manchu rule, were the cause of a century and a half of chronic war in Mongolia. The eastern and southern Mongols of Inner Mongolia early became allies of the Manchus—and, since the Mongols themselves had once been the conquerors of China, this alliance with the new conquerors increased the traditional ill-feeling between Chinese and Mongols. The northern or Khalkha Mongols were subjected to devastating attack and partial conquest by the western Jungar or Ölöt Mongols of the Altai-Sinkiang region. The Manchus supported the Khalkhas and eventually defeated the Jungars. During these wars the Buryats alone escaped, through being under Russian protection.

Moreover at the height of these wars, in the 18th century, the Russians instead of intervening in Mongolia to compete with the Manchus held to a standstill policy. Mongols who sought to migrate into the Buryat region to escape from war were frequently turned back at the frontier. Those who did succeed in staying mingled with the Buryats and were considered to be lucky in coming under Russian protection. Thus from the Mongol point of view it was the Manchus, not the Russians, who all through this period were

feared as the expanding imperialist power.

At the present time, however, a totally new pattern must be considered. The Russian influence that stood still so long in Buryat Mongolia has begun to move through Outer Mongolia and into Inner Mongolia. Unlike the old Chinese influence that faded towards the north, this new Russian influence does not fade as it moves towards the south. There is less Russian influence in Outer Mongolia than in Buryat Mongolia, and less in Inner Mongolia than in Outer Mongolia; but even where the Russian influence is most scanty, it is not 'faded'. Quite the reverse: even where there is little Russian influence, that influence is vigorous, and seems always ready to grow and spread.

Because of the momentous Communist victories in China itself, the ways in which Russian influence works among the Mongols acquire a new importance. Is Mongolia, instead of being a filtering area that to a large extent strains out both Russian and Chinese influences, to become an area through which Russian influences are channelled into China with increasing force? Are we to expect that neither Mongol nor Chinese nationalism will react to assert itself effectively against 'Russification' or 'Russianization'? Where the Russian influence operates, does everything in the long run become Russian, or are there some aspects of the culture that remain Buryat, or Mongol?

The accompanying pictures from Buryat Mongolia do not answer all these questions, but they throw an interesting light on them. As pictures distributed by an official Soviet agency, they show aspects of life in Buryat Mongolia that the authorities consider creditable to the Soviet régime. To minds that have not been conditioned by Soviet propaganda, however, there will certainly occur questions that would not occur to Soviet citizens looking at the same pictures.

The photographs fall into three groups. There are modern apartment and office buildings, locomotive works and factories that might be found anywhere in Russia, but clearly would never have evolved out of the traditional Buryat culture. At the other extreme, a shepherd in Buryat costume, holding a lamb in his lap, with sheep grazing in the background, seems to represent an idyll of the past. The only things Russian about him are his pipe and his boots; but long before the Soviet era the Buryats had almost universally taken to Russian boots and Russian pipes. In the middle are pictures that show a mixture of things Buryat and things Russian:

like the boy who is proudly showing off his Russian motor-cycle to his girl friend. The boy is in traditional Buryat costume—except, once more, for the Russian boots. The girl's costume interestingly reflects 350 years of Russian-Buryat contact: it is cut on Buryat lines, but the 'gathers' of the skirt, at the waist, show Russian peasant influence, and the flowered design of the material seems to mark it as a factory product, neither typically Russian nor typically Buryat in pattern. The saddle and bridle of the horse are Russian, not Buryat, which is an interesting proof that even among nomads the most traditional home-made objects of daily use are easily displaced by factory-made goods.

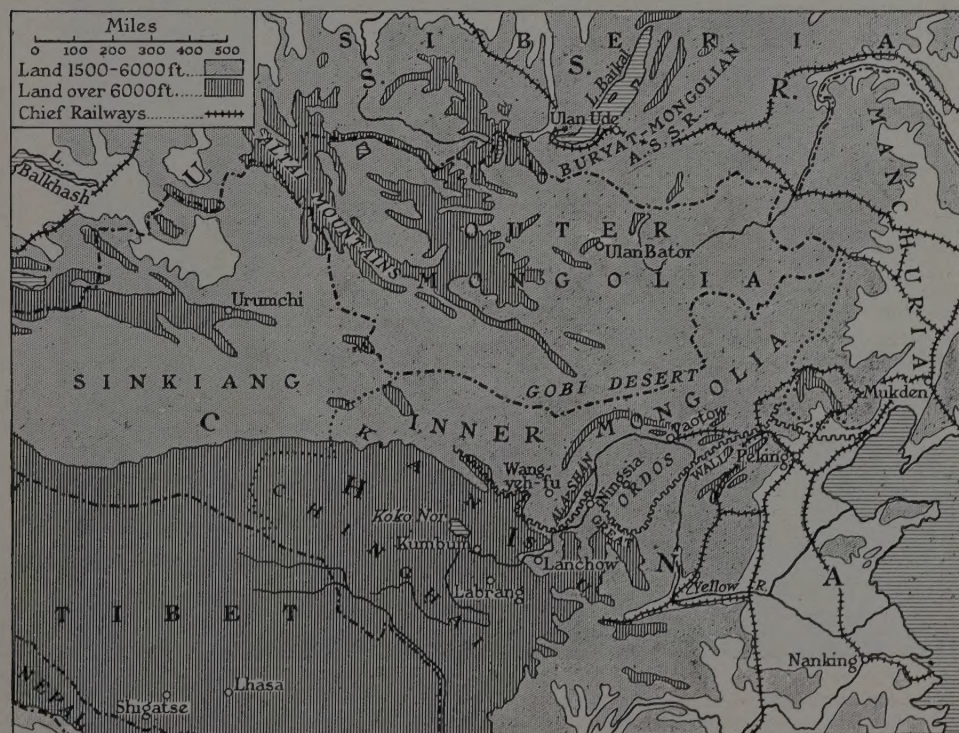
The problem is to relate the pictures to each other so as to get some impression as a whole. Do they indicate that things Buryat are simply being supplanted by things Russian, or is it possible that there is an interpenetration going on, with the Buryats willingly adopting some Russian ways of doing things because they like them?

Modern buildings and modern industries are not quite as new a problem as they may seem. Several centuries ago, when the Mongols and Buryats enthusiastically adopted

Lama Buddhism, they built temples that imitated either Tibetan or Chinese temples—simply because they had no large buildings themselves and therefore imitated the only buildings that they knew. Today, any people who have a 20th-century culture must have cities, city buildings, and factories; and those who acquire them will imitate the models that they know best.

In this connection, the Russian photographer missed a good propaganda point when he photographed two Russians and no Buryats in a locomotive assembly shop; for Ulan Ude, now the capital of Buryat Mongolia, was an important railway centre even in Tsarist times. Buryats worked in the shops and drove engines before the Russian Revolution. The difference now is that there are more Buryats in industrial work. More typical than the locomotive picture, therefore, is that of a Buryat woman and a Russian woman working side by side in a meat-packing plant.

Wherever the names of Buryats are given in the captions accompanying these pictures, the Russian influence is obvious. The boy with the motor-cycle is Boris Balzhimirov; his girl friend is Bimba Budayeva. These names are part Buryat, part Russian; but





To what extent has 'Russianization' invaded the Mongolian way of life? Tending his flock, this shepherd in Buryat costume seems to represent an "idyll of the past"; but he works on a collective farm, and his pipe and boots are Russian, both having been adopted in this region long before the Soviet régime

the Chairman of the Council of Ministers of Buryat Mongolia is Solomon Ivanov, though he is a Buryat of the Buryats, as I know from having met him in 1944.

This changing of names began long ago. The ease with which Buryats and Russians have intermingled was noted by one of the British Protestant missionaries who worked among the Buryats for a while in the 19th century, who found in the register of a Russian Orthodox church the case of a man who was "born a Buryat, baptised a Russian".

In their own culture, Mongols and Buryats do not have family names. They have clan names, but these are tabu; and quite frequently poor and humble people, who have few ceremonial occasions for using their clan names, forget them altogether and go all their lives with only one name. Even when there is a clan name, only intimate friends know it, because the clan name is part of the intimate and private ancestral cult.

When people live in small groups, in camps scattered far apart, one name is good enough. As people begin to live in larger groups, however, and especially in cities, and as the bureaucrat who is the unescapable regulator of modern life begins to demand that more and more forms be filled out, a family name becomes a necessity. The clan name may then be used as a family name; but very often it is not. A man may simply take his father's name, add the Russian family-name termination "-ov" to it, and thus the son of Balzhimir becomes Balzhimirov. Or he may decide to start afresh and call himself Solomon Ivanov. In Tsarist times, many Buryats already were using family names; the practice now appears to be universal. In Outer Mongolia, family names have only recently begun to be used. In Chinese Inner Mongolia, Mongols who have a great deal to do with Chinese either take a Chinese-style family name derived from their Mongol clan name, or invent a new family name; but Mongols who still live entirely in the traditional Mongol manner do not adopt a family name and do not mention their clan name.

Most revealing of all the pictures, perhaps,



Boris Balzhimirov, who also wears Buryat garb, has bought a motor-cycle with his earnings on a collective farm; his companion's dress displays both Russian and Buryat influences, while her horse's factory-made bridle is Russian

are those of the class in physics, where the instructor is a Buryat and among the students are both Buryats and Russians, and the music class and the little girls flexing their toes in the ballet class. The Buryat instructor in physics is a representative of the strong side of Soviet policy—its willingness to give employment and honourable status to men of all origins, if their attainments are sufficient. The Russian student feels no sense of inferiority in taking instructions from a 'native'. Here again, Soviet practice is in part merely a confirmation of old Russian practices, for even under the Tsars there were a few noted Buryat scholars.

Orchestral music and the ballet may seem startlingly sophisticated for people who until



The Council of Ministers building at Ulan Ude, capital of Buryat Mongolia. The Mongols, lacking an architectural tradition of their own upon which to base large administrative buildings, have naturally copied Russian models—as in former days they copied the temples of China and Tibet

recently were simple shepherds; but the truth is that the Mongols are an exceptionally musical people. Like most peoples of Central Asia, they are especially fond of the music of the fiddle; but all types of Central Asian fiddle have a small sound-box, producing a relatively small volume of sound. It may be that lack of buildings with large halls in them, to give resonance, meant a lack of incentive for producing more resonant music. This guess is supported by the fact that temple music, which is played in halls, has much more volume and resonance than secular music.

Like the Mongol fiddle, the Mongol singing voice is reedy and high, but it has an eerie, sad and magical quality. There is also an ancient art of bass singing—deeper, if possible, than the famous Russian bass. This kind of singing is wordless, and provides an accompaniment for the soaring, fluttering,

long-drawn and trailing grace-notes of 'court-minstrel' balladry.

Together with their love of music the Mongols have a love of legend and epic tales, often cast in alliterative verse. In addition, there has come down from ancient times a tradition of dancing—not ballroom dancing, by couples, but postural and ceremonial dancing.

This combined heritage has, in recent years, exploded in contact with Russian music. Explosion is the only way to describe the suddenness of the development. What has taken place is nothing so simple as merely the adoption of more sonorous Russian musical implements, imitation of the Russian style of voice production for greater volume, or imitation of the Russian ballet. For at the same time that all these tendencies can to some extent be seen, there has also been enthusiastic study of Mongol and Buryat musical forms by Russian composers, and

The Buryat-Mongolian A.S.S.R. has built up a large-scale industry with about 300 modern enterprises; among other activities, transport machine building has made considerable progress. Ulan Ude has long been an important rail centre and even before the Russian Revolution there were Buryat engine-drivers and shop-mechanics; now there are more than ever, though in the view here shown of Ulan Ude Locomotive Works (which is the biggest industrial enterprise in the Republic) the two workers are both Russian



Another important industry of Buryat Mongolia is food-production; and a large meat-packing plant has been built in Ulan Ude for the processing of local livestock-farming produce. Here, in the storage section, two women-inspectors, one Buryat and the other Russian, are seen side by side examining tins of meat. Buryats and Russians, who have long intermingled without friction, work cooperatively together



A physics class of Mongolian and Russian students in the laboratory of the Pedagogical Institute of Ulan Ude, Buryat Mongolia. At the left is P. Lurinov, a Buryat instructor; Soviet policy of giving "employment and honourable status to men of all origins if their attainments are sufficient" carries on a practice of Tsarist times



A class in the ballet studio of the Tschaikovsky Theatrical and Music School, Ulan Ude. The Mongols boast an ancient tradition of ceremonial and postural dancing, which has now found a more sophisticated outlet through Russian classical ballet; the result is combined with opera and massed choruses to provide a truly magnificent spectacle



An orchestra class at the Tschaikovsky Theatrical and Music School. Mongol music has recently "exploded" on coming into contact with that of Russia; far from being smothered, it has gained in grandeur, for while "the inspiration and themes of the music are Mongol the instruments and orchestration that give it volume are Russian"

translation of epics and ballads by admiring Russian poets. Out of this combination there has developed a special kind of spectacle that is not opera, but a magnificent combination of opera, massed choruses, and ballet. The inspiration and themes of the music are Mongol, as is the epic that is acted out; the instruments and the orchestration that give it volume are Russian. I have seen and heard this kind of spectacle both at Ulan Ude, in Buryat Mongolia, and Ulan Bator, in Outer Mongolia, and can vouch for the fact that the audiences do not feel that their native traditions have been smothered and 'Russianized', but rather that they have taken on a new grandeur and glory.

There remains a word to be said about the disintegrating effect that foreign contacts sometimes have on Mongol traditions. When the Russians aim at disintegration, they do so consciously; but the same kind of disintegration can be caused unintentionally, and by others than the Russians. The Russians, for instance, consciously encouraged the disintegration of the Lama-Buddhist religion in Outer Mongolia. It is a fair assumption that the Mongols who set out to break the power of this ancient church consulted the Russians on how to do it. Religion was not forbidden, as such, but first the church, which had ruled enormous lands and been the owner of vast wealth in flocks and herds, was disestablished and expropriated—more in the manner of Henry VIII of England than in the manner of the "Anti-God League" of Bolshevik Russia. Then, in addition, the old practice of placing young boys in monasteries as disciples was forbidden. It was required that they must first have a certain number of years of secular schooling. The result, of course, was that the boy of fifteen or so turned his ambition toward becoming the owner of a motor-cycle, or the pilot of a plane, rather than toward the priesthood.

At the present time, however, this kind of disintegration is going on more rapidly in Inner Mongolia than in Outer Mongolia, and it began through Japanese contact rather than Russian contact. It is in the western parts of Inner Mongolia that Mongol life today seems the most traditional and the least changed and it is there that the Lama-Buddhist observances and temple ritual are still to be seen in the old style. But, by the same token, it is in this part of Mongolia that younger Mongols who have been in touch with something else—almost anything else—feel that the old Mongol life is doomed, and the old religion stagnant and devoid of any inspiration.

During the years of Japanese occupation of Manchuria and their penetration westward into Inner Mongolia after 1931, there was an elaborate Japanese programme for encouraging Mongol nationalism. The aim of the policy was to support the Mongols against the Chinese and to put an end to Chinese colonization of Mongol land, thus emphasizing antagonism between Mongols and Chinese. (It is for this reason that the present Chinese Communist policy in Inner Mongolia aims at every possible measure of reconciliation between Mongols and Chinese, instead of merely recognizing Mongol nationalism.) At the same time, of course, the Japanese did everything that they could to develop a conservative Mongol nationalism, as resistant to ideas coming in from Russia or Outer Mongolia as to ideas of alliance with the Chinese.

For this reason the Japanese, naturally, were not anti-clerical, because they recognized that the Lamas were conservative and anti-Red. At the same time, however, the Japanese necessarily worked through selecting young, intelligent Mongols to be sent to Japan to be trained as military officers, civilian administrators, and teachers in the schools that the Japanese encouraged in Inner Mongolia. The training that these young men got was not anti-clerical, but it was non-clerical, and conducted in an atmosphere in which nationalism, rather than religion, was always the critical issue. The result was that the great majority of these young men became zealously anti-clerical—not while they were in Japan, but when they returned from Japan to Inner Mongolia. There, when they tried to set to work, they found that the Lama teaching in Tibetan as the religious language—like the monkish teaching in Latin in the Middle Ages—slowed down the revival of the modern Mongol written language and the development of a contemporary nationalistic literature. In their eyes, religion and its priests came to symbolize everything in the old Mongol life and culture that must be cleared out of the road if the modern Mongol people were to survive and move forward.

This 'revolutionary' or at least radical outcome of a programme intended to be a safeguard against radicalism has parallels all over the Asia of today. It is something to be pondered by all those who realize that East and West are inevitably moving toward entry into a common world of intellect, as well as of politics, and want to effect this meeting as much as possible by the constructive methods of evolution, avoiding the terror and destruction of revolution.

Lama Twilight

by IAN MORRISON

Last year the author, in the course of a long journey, visited some of the lamaseries of Western China, where a way of life already declining may soon be completely suppressed. In contrast to the growing influence of the Soviet Union among the northern Mongols, described by Mr Lattimore, he noted the decay of Lamaistic Buddhism among those of Inner Mongolia and the Tibetan border

IN June 1948 I set off from Peking on a journey which, although I did not know it nor intend it at the time, was eventually to take me up into the Chinese province of Sinkiang. Most of the way I travelled as what the Chinese call a "Yellow Fish", or hitch-hiker, having purchased from a truck-driver a small space aboard his already overloaded and dilapidated vehicle, in company with thirty or forty Chinese passengers. It is an amusing, if strenuous, mode of travel. Part of the route lay along that great highway by which Buddhism spread from India to China and Japan and throughout the journey one came across frequent evidences of the impact which it had made on the people of this part of Asia. In the case of the Chinese it has had to compete with a militant Mohammedanism coming at a later stage from the West and also with that profound secularism which is such a marked characteristic of the Chinese. But amongst the Mongols and the Tibetans, although noticeably on the decline, it is still a living faith.

At Paotow, the terminus of the Ping-Sui Railway, there was a small unit of the American Relief Mission, the agency of American aid to China, engaged in distributing relief to the Mongols of Inner Mongolia. They had been neglected in the earlier relief programmes and their condition, especially the condition of those living in the vast barren tract known as the Ordos, bounded on three sides by the Yellow River, was desperate. The relief team was headed by the now almost legendary figure, Georg Soderbom, a Swede, who was with Sven Hedin for several years and who is one of the world's leading authorities on the Mongols. Friends in Peking had told me of the splendour of some of the Mongol lamaseries and I had the good fortune to accompany Georg Soderbom on a visit to one of the best-known of them, Batigar, about twenty miles north of Paotow.

The monks swarmed round our truck, smiling and curious, and guided us to the dwelling, not of the head abbot, who is an infirm old man and rarely receives visitors, but of his second-in-command. He was a

middle-aged Mongol with a striking, somewhat Indian, face, a most impressive figure in his deep purple and yellow robes. He received us with great hospitality inside his small room, and an acolyte brought us tea, made from those bricks of compressed leaves which are a main article of commerce both in Tibet and Mongolia.

The usual polite formalities were exchanged. The abbot told us that Batigar had been founded about 200 years previously. Although not the largest lamasery in Inner Mongolia it was generally held to be one of the most beautiful. Before the war there had been about 600 monks. Now there were less than 300. This was a story that I was to hear at every lamasery I visited. In part it is the decline which occurs in any organized religion which fails to adapt itself when exposed to new ideas. In part it is a reflection of the decline in the material prosperity of north-west China which has been hard hit, even if indirectly, by the Japanese invasion and by all the subsequent troubles.

Afterwards the abbot took us on a tour of the main shrines and buildings. On some of the walls were painted lurid and gruesome pictures of the Buddhist hell. In some shrines great demonlike figures, ornamented with skulls, glared down through the darkness. This was the Buddhism of the Mahayana or Greater Vehicle, which evolved as the faith spread through the mountain masses of Tibet, becoming mixed with a good many of the superstitious and magical practices of the Tibetans. It was a very different, more fantastical, more ferocious, form from the gentler and simpler creed practised by some of the peoples of South-East Asia.

It is strange to think that these Mongols are the descendants of a people who were for long the terror of two continents. One factor in their decline was their conversion to Buddhism, which was adopted by Kublai Khan in the 13th century and was later encouraged by the Manchu emperors. Buddhism changed their habits and outlook, and gradually, under its benign influence, they lost their martial vigour. Until quite recently

it was still compulsory for the eldest son, or at least one son, in every family to enter the monastic order. Buddhism produced a large sedentary unproductive class. Today in the lamaseries there are rare individuals who attain to great learning in the Buddhist scriptures and who are deeply religious people, but the great majority of the monks are lazy, uninstructed and indisciplined.

A few days after my visit to Batigar I set off through the Ordos and, after crossing the Yellow River twice by ferry, reached the city of Ningsia, capital of the province of that name. To the west of Ningsia city, about fifty miles as the crow flies, across a range of mountains, there is a small Mongol principality called Ala Shan. It was the nearest approach to a real "Shangri-la" that I encountered in all my travels.

The Ala Shan Mongols, who today number about 120,000 and are one of the most prosperous of all the Mongol 'banners', are said to have come originally from the country round Koko Nor in western Chinghai. The story goes that an Ala Shan king, who had helped the Chinese in some frontier battle, was summoned to the Manchu court early in the 18th century and was there given the hand of a beautiful Manchu princess in marriage. (Marrying these Mongol princes to Manchu wives and tying them by the bonds of matrimony to the imperial court was one of the ways in which the Manchu emperors sought to control the peoples on their western frontiers.) The King of Ala Shan returned with his young bride, but when they finally left the fertile valley of the Yellow River and she saw the desolate steppes where she was to spend the rest of her life, her heart broke and she said she could go no farther. They were near the little oasis of Wang-yeh-fu. The king, who had apparently become very attached to his bride, then decided to move the seat of his kingdom to this new site and he laid out a small capital in the Manchu style, with surrounding wall and streets crossing at right-angles, which would remind his queen of her home.

By another of those strokes of good fortune which in China compensate the traveller for all the exasperating delays to which he is exposed, the day after my arrival there was an important ceremony in the larger of the two lamaseries inside the walled Mongol town. A high scaffold had been erected and on it was displayed a vast *appliqué* silk and cloth scroll bearing an image of the Buddha, reputed to be more than 150 years old. All the officials and most of the townsfolk had assembled, many of the Mongols in their

traditional finery. The lamas offered tea and other refreshments to the king and senior officials. Several monks in black wigs, supposed to represent Indians, performed a ceremonial dance before the scroll and the senior religious instructor of the lamasery delivered a long sermon in a curious chanting sing-song. When all the religious ceremonies were over, the assembled Mongols went up to the temporary altar which had been constructed at the foot of the scroll and paid their devotions.

Several weeks later, after my return from Sinkiang, I made an expedition from Lanchow, the capital of Kansu province, north-westwards into Chinghai province, where one-third of the population is Tibetan, and there visited the lamasery of Kumbum. This celebrated Buddhist centre owes its fame chiefly to the fact that it marks the birthplace of Tsong-ka-pa, the great Buddhist reformer, sometimes called the Luther of Tibetan Buddhism, founder of the orthodox Yellow Sect. Today it is known chiefly as the temporary headquarters of the Panchen Lama, one of the two great dignitaries in the Tibetan hierarchy.

A few years ago there were 3500 monks at Kumbum. Today there are less than a thousand, the majority of them Tibetans, with a certain number of Mongols and a sprinkling of Chinese. They live in a number of separate monasteries grouped round two shrines with roofs of beaten gold, the so-called Large Gold-tiled Lamasery, sacred to the memory of Tsong-ka-pa, and the Small Gold-tiled Lamasery, where are kept a number of relics of the last Panchen Lama.

My first morning in Kumbum I was awoken long before daybreak by monks blowing on long deep horns. I attended the dawn service in the central prayer-hall where about 200 monks were assembled, chanting, sometimes antiphonally, in a steady monotone. Young acolytes ran up and down the lines of seated monks with pails of tea mixed with yak butter. Each monk had a bowl inside the folds of his robe and at intervals held it out to be filled. Despite the presence of an older monk, apparently a sort of monitor, who strolled up and down throughout the service, discipline was not at all strict, and there was much joking and tittering amongst the younger monks.

After the service I visited the main shrine. Before it there were some monks making full-length prostrations. I was told that some of them make as many as 2000 or 3000 prostrations a day, no mean feat, for the Tibetan prostration is best likened to the 'push-up' of western physical exercise. Deep grooves

had been worn in the boards by the hands of devotees sliding forwards. Sometimes pilgrims arrive who have come hundreds of miles, making a prostration and saying a prayer every three paces.

Later in the morning I was received in audience by the Panchen Lama. He is a young boy of eleven, the tenth reincarnation. With him live the Regent, the venerable Lo-ch'ang-chien-chan, his two religious instructors, and a group of elderly Tibetan officials. The Panchen Lama, wearing elaborate yellow brocade robes, sat on a small dais below some beautiful Tibetan scroll paintings depicting scenes from the life of Tsong-ka-pa. The audience commenced with the formal exchange of blue silk scarves. Most of my questions were answered by the Regent and the two tutors. The Panchen Lama looked a bright-eyed intelligent boy and he seemed devotedly attached to a small black

Tibetan terrier called Sin-ju, "Little Lion".

Of the two great heads of the Tibetan hierarchy, temporal power is supposed to be vested in the Dalai Lama, who lives in the Potala in Lhasa. The Panchen Lama, whose seat is normally at Tashi-lumpo near Shigatse, about seven days' march south of Lhasa, has restricted temporal power but is spiritually the superior of the Dalai Lama. Ever since the thirteenth Dalai Lama had to flee to India in 1910 as the result of a Chinese invasion of Tibet, he and his party have been identified with the anti-Chinese movement in Tibetan politics. The Panchen Lama, on the other hand, and his followers have been regarded as being pro-Chinese. In 1924 disagreement between these two parties became acute and the predecessor of the present Panchen Lama had to leave Tibet and sought sanctuary in China. He lived in China until his death in 1935.



All monochrome and Ansacolor photographs by the author

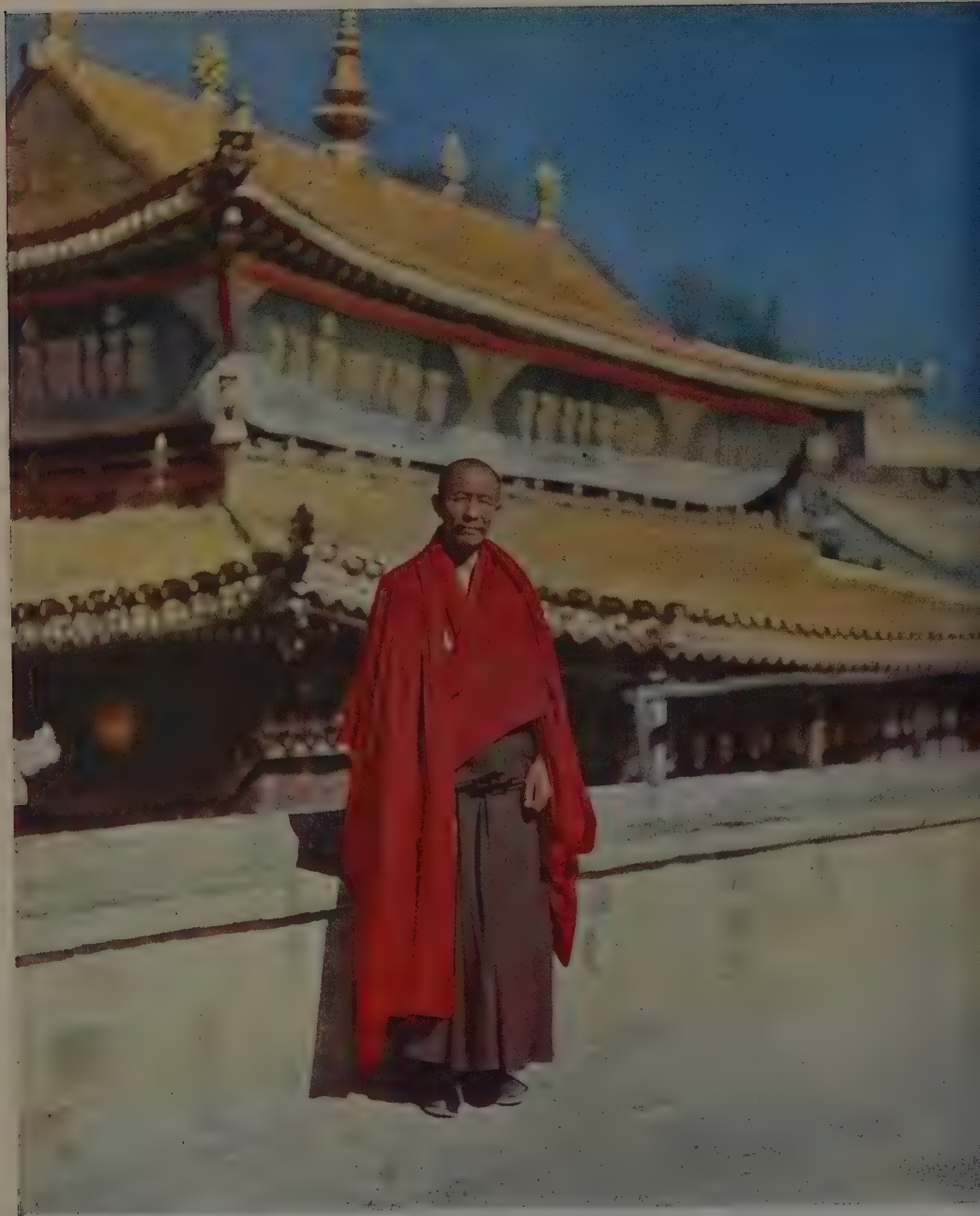
The Panchen Lama, one of the two heads of the Tibetan hierarchy. Behind him stands the venerable 73-year-old Regent; on either side his religious instructors. The Panchen Lama lives in strict—



—seclusion at Kumbum with these three men and a group of elderly Tibetan officials. He has no companions of his own age and his only plaything is the small Tibetan terrier, "Little Lion"

The belief in reincarnation is widespread amongst the Tibetans and a search then began to find the baby into whose body the soul of the dead Panchen Lama had migrated. The search was finally narrowed down to three babies, two from Chinghai and one from central Tibet. Elaborate recognition tests were carried out with the hat, rosary and other personal belongings of the dead man. One of the Chinghai babies gave the impression of recognizing these objects and, after many other omens of different kinds had been taken and found favourable, he was duly proclaimed the tenth reincarnation of the Panchen Lama.

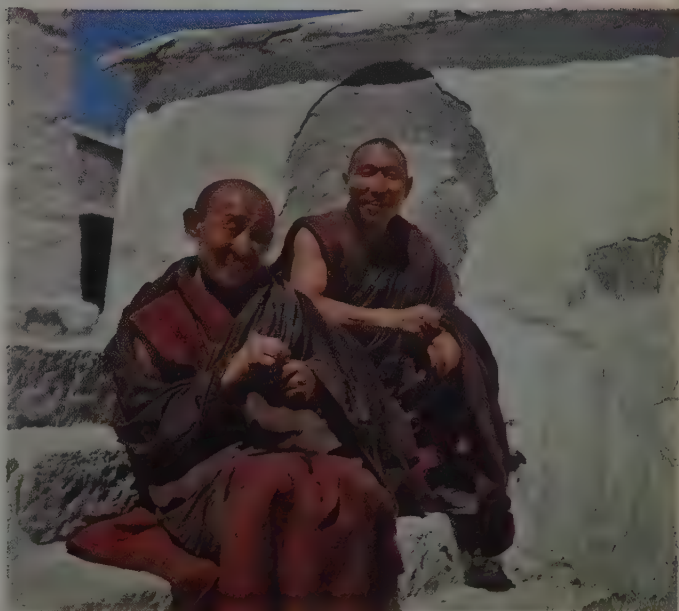
It is strange to reflect on the fate of this young boy, acknowledged spiritual leader of millions of simple people, a key figure in Sino-Tibetan politics, who, but for the accident of the hour of his birth, would be running about, a carefree youngster, with the other children of his native village. Instead he must spend long hours with his two elderly tutors studying the Tibetan scriptures. All his life he will be the prisoner of his great office, a personage, too, round whom many intrigues will revolve. Never a companion does he have of his own age. His only plaything, on which he lavishes all a child's pent-up affection, is the small black terrier, Little Lion.



Han-shi-re, one of the three chief abbots of Kumbum, standing on the roof of the central prayer-hall; behind him rise the roofs of the main shrine, the so-called Large Gold-tiled Lamasery, which is sacred to the memory of Tsong-ka-pa, a great Buddhist reformer who initiated the Yellow Sect of Tibetan Buddhism in the 14th century.



(Above) *The lamasery at Batigar, founded some 200 years ago, is beautifully situated in a setting of pines and cedars about twenty miles north of Paotow, Inner Mongolia. In the foreground are the dormitories of the monks, who give the impression (right) of living a care-free life from which material worries have been banished; before the war there were 600; now there are less than 300, many of them illiterate. Discipline is not strict and they can leave the monastic order if they so choose*





Scenes during a religious ceremony at the larger of the two lamaseries in Wang-yeh-fu, capital of the Ala Shan Mongols, of whom there are about 120,000, comprising one of the most prosperous Mongol groups. (Above) All the monks were wearing their gayest robes; the curious curved yellow headdress is the characteristic one worn by Mongol and Tibetan lamas. Part of the ceremony (left) consists of a symbolic dance by lamas in long black wigs; they are dressed to represent Indians



There are two orchestras at the Wang-yeh-fu ceremony: one of older monks and the other of young acolytes. The most important instruments were upright drums beaten above the head, cymbals, bells and (above) reedy 'trumpets' which emit a sound not unlike that of the oboe. The music seems shrill and strident to the Western ear.



For several days the monks at Wang-yeh-fu had been busy erecting a high scaffold in the courtyard of the temple; on the day of the festival they hung upon it an immense appliqué silk and cloth scroll which bore a representation of the Buddha. Before a small temporary altar at its foot the various ceremonies were enacted; also—



—on a carpet leading up to it the chief religious instructor of the lamasery (a well-known authority on the Buddhist scriptures) paced back and forth, chanting a sermon in a monotonous sing-song to the assembled throng. At the beginning and end of the sermon he prostrated himself three times full-length in front of the altar



A group of Ala Shan Mongol women in their traditional costume, now seldom worn except on special occasions. Throughout the religious ceremonies at Wang-yeh-fu men and women spectators remain segregated, but at the conclusion they all go up to the altar to make their devotions, each lighting a candle and saying a short prayer.

The Gentoo Penguin

by DR C. A. GIBSON-HILL

In our July number Mr Cansdale, Superintendent of the London Zoo, initiating a series of articles on the geographical distribution of animals, noted that penguins, like other flightless birds, are confined to the Southern Hemisphere. Dr Gibson-Hill, Assistant Curator at the Raffles Museum in Singapore, who continues the series, has made a special study of the world's sea birds. Two fully-illustrated books of his have been published in England: *British Sea Birds* and *Birds of the Coast*

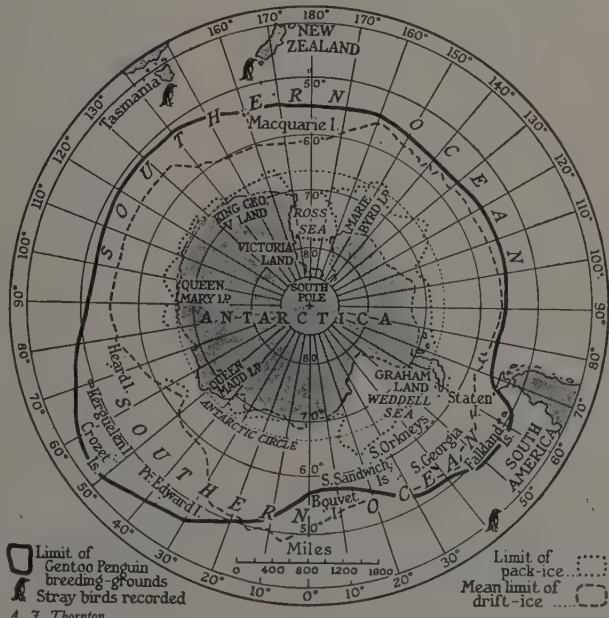
THE penguins, of which seventeen living species are recognized, form a small but highly interesting group of flightless birds. They have stout, pointed bills, short necks and sick-set bodies, with the legs placed far back towards the base of the tail. They are essentially adapted for an aquatic existence and differ from all other birds in having no specially developed flight feathers on the wings. The latter, which are generally known as flippers, are used only for swimming or in self-defence.

There can be little doubt that the family and its origin in the colder regions of the Southern Hemisphere. A number of fossil remains are known, of which the most northerly were found in the Miocene beds of New Zealand. Penguins are limited in their choice of breeding sites by several factors. The most general is the fact that they cannot travel far in search of food, and must of necessity nest close to waters that are well-stocked with shoals of suitable fish. The colder seas of the world are much richer in this respect than the warmer ones, and the penguins, having started in the far south, have never succeeded in working their way through the belt of relatively barren water around the equator.

At the present time the majority of the penguins still breed south of latitude 40° south, and only two do so north of the tropic of Capricorn. One of these, the Humboldt Penguin, nests on part of the coasts of Chile and Peru, while the other, the Galapagos Penguin, is confined to that group of islands. The latter straddle the equator and accordingly this can be said to have reached the Northern Hemisphere, but in actual fact it has not really crossed the true barrier of the tropics. The north-

ward extension of the penguins along the west coast of South America is undoubtedly due to the rich fishing-grounds associated with the Humboldt current, which reaches its most northerly limits in the neighbourhood of the Galapagos Islands.

It is perhaps of interest to note that although there are no feral penguins north of the tropics there is a group of sea birds, the auks, centred along the sub-arctic zone whose members are similar to them in certain respects. All the living auks have fully-developed wing quills and are able to fly, but their wings are almost flipper-shaped and the birds are at least as much at home in the water as they are in the air. They have the same general build as the penguins, in most cases the same basic colour pattern, and like the penguins they use their wings as paddles when swimming under water, and steer with their feet. One bird of this family, the extinct Great Auk or Garefowl, was actually flightless. It was the bird





All photographs by the author

A group of Gentoo Penguins, using their short, stiff tails as props, enjoy a quiet nap on the beach in the Bay of Isles, South Georgia. Behind them may be seen the recumbent forms of some Elephant Seals; during their annual five-to-six-week moult they pass most of the time sleeping

to which the name "penguin" was first applied. Later, when northern sailors penetrated down into the waters round Cape Horn, they used the same name for the birds which resembled their own penguin so closely.

The Gentoo or Johnny Penguin, *Pygoscelis papua*, is more reserved than the majority of the penguins, but most attractive in its own quiet way. I met it frequently during a stay of nine weeks on the island of South Georgia, at the beginning of 1946. After seeing it on many beaches one grew very fond of it.

The general colouring is similar to that of the other penguins, white on the ventral surface and near black on the back, face and flippers. Its distinctive feature is a white triangle over each eye, which is confluent with that on the other side across the crown. The iris is brown, the bill red with the culmen (upper ridge) blackish, and the feet orange-pink.

The Gentoo is circum-polar in its distribution and insular in its preferences. It occurs on the majority of the islands between 45° south and the Antarctic Circle, with the exception of Bouvet and certain of the islands south of New Zealand. It is most numerous in

the more northerly parts of its range, where it is resident throughout the year. The centres of greatest abundance appear to be South Georgia, Prince Edward and Crozet Islands, Kerguelen and Macquarie. Birds inhabiting the more southerly colonies, from the Sandwich group to the Graham Land Archipelago, are migratory and leave for the open sea during the Antarctic winter. Some of them travel considerable distances, and Murphy records meeting individuals of this species as far north as 43° 18' south, over 1000 miles from the nearest land.

The Gentoo Penguin is fairly plentiful in the majority of the bays along the coast of South Georgia, and few of the beaches are without at least one or two birds. Occasionally one meets with single nests, but in most suitable areas they occur in groups ranging from about ten to forty or fifty. Not many of the colonies are much larger, though one on the mainland at the Bay of Isles must have contained over 500 breeding pairs. Certainly they in no way approach the vast conglomerations of the Macaroni Penguin, some of whose rookeries spread tightly-packed over five or more acres.

On South Georgia, as on the other islands

from which it has been recorded, the Gentoo Penguin makes use of two rather different nesting sites. About a third of the colonies, mostly the smaller ones, were situated among clumps of tussock grass on sodden, peaty ground close to a stream, and less than 300 yards from the shore. The remainder were on slopes or raised ground, bare or grass-covered, at heights from 100 to 300 feet above sea-level, and from two to four furlongs from the water. It has been suggested that they make use of a site this far from the shore to be away from the Leopard Seals or Elephant Seals, but it seems unlikely.

The Gentoo has an interesting reaction in relation to its choice of breeding site. The majority of the penguins when alarmed edge away and ultimately try to scramble back into the sea. The Gentoo, on the other hand, frequently turns from the water and makes for higher ground, as though safety lay in height above sea-level. An exception is provided by the birds encountered near the whaling stations and most of those breeding on the low-lying flats. They generally move, like the majority of their order, towards the open sea. Once in the water they soon forget their fear, and after swimming round for a few minutes, come back to the beach.

The nest is usually a low mound of earth and tussock grass, about eighteen inches across and five to eight inches high. The normal clutch consists of two eggs, almost spherical in shape, with a rough, white shell, and about the size of a tennis ball. They are probably normally laid at the end of October or during November. According to Bagshawe incubation lasts approximately five weeks.

If the eggs are taken while still fresh the bird replaces them and, according to one of the Norwegian whalers, will continue to do so until she has laid a dozen or more. They are good eating, but not, in my opinion, quite so attractive as those of the South African Jackass Penguin or the Wandering Albatross. They should be gathered before the bird has begun to sit. At this time the faint flavour of fish-oil is scarcely detectable. It seems to become stronger with age, and in an older egg the white does not set when it is cooked.

The newly-hatched chick is covered with a thin, filamentous, natal down, largely light grey in colour. After a few days it is replaced by a thick, fluffy down, darker above, and white below on the throat and belly. When the chick is about eight weeks old it begins a second moult, disclosing a feathered plumage similar to that of the adult.

On the whole the Gentoo is a timid penguin. The normal reaction of a bird dis-

turbed on the beach is a grave, meditative perusal, and then a slow and sedate retreat. Incubating adults move away readily from freshly-laid eggs, but there is a marked change in their behaviour as incubation progresses. They seem most reluctant to leave eggs which are near to hatching or a nest containing young chicks. Their first reaction is to stand up and trumpet plaintively. Then, if one attempts to remove their charges, they fight fiercely with both bill and flippers. If a bird is forced from its nest it generally retreats for only a short distance and again stands, trumpeting indignantly. As soon as one withdraws, it hurries back, gives the young chicks a thorough inspection, and then settles down again with them.

The young are brooded carefully for the first four to six weeks. Then as they grow older there is a socialization of effort, even more noticeable than that occurring in the Sandwich Tern. The chicks collect in a compact group. A bird returning from the sea with a full belly feeds any youngster that comes to it, until it has no more to offer. There is no question of the adult attempting to search for, or identify, its own offspring. In many ways the arrangement is a most satisfactory one. Chicks whose parents are killed by Leopard Seals or other enemies are fed and not left to starve, while the feeding instincts of an adult which has lost its own youngsters still find their normal outlet; thus, one would suggest, saving the mature birds from the agonies of prolonged indigestion. The compact group must also reduce considerably the heat loss of the individuals comprising it.

In most cases these groups of youngsters are accompanied by several adult birds, standing usually on the fringe of the gathering. It has been suggested that they are 'guards', but in actual fact they are the first to stampede away if danger threatens. It seems most likely that they are merely resting before returning to the sea, and prefer to do so in company.

An interesting feature of these groups is their reaction to the Brown Skua. Several pairs of these birds, which are in every way very similar to the Great Skuas of northern Britain, generally take up positions near the penguin colonies, and feed all through the breeding season on the eggs and chicks. Apparently they always attack the latter from the air, and in consequence the youngsters take no notice of the skuas when they are on the ground by them, even if they are feeding on a newly-killed penguin. In the same way I have seen adult penguins walking

"On the whole the Gentoo is a timid penguin" and if disturbed during the early stages of incubation it usually slips quietly and unobtrusively away. On the other hand, if its eggs are nearly hatched, or it has young chicks, the adult will generally stand its ground and prepare to defend them. Its first reaction on such occasions is to raise its bill in the air and trumpet most plaintively





(Above) A Gentoo Penguin defending its nest. It fights fiercely and tenaciously, lunging with its bill and, if opportunity permits, hitting hard with its 'flippers'. Once the danger has passed by, the bird will (right) carefully inspect its charges before settling back on the nest again. Gentoo Penguins normally brood lying down on their bellies and spend much of this period sleeping





Gentoo Penguin chicks; when the young birds are seven or eight weeks old they leave their nests and congregate on the shore in a compact group. Adults returning from the sea make no attempt to single out their own offspring but surrender food to the first hungry chick they encounter

within a few feet of Leopard Seals hauled out on a shingle beach.

On the other hand, when a skua flies over a group of youngsters, these all huddle together and, while still trying to edge away from under it, follow it in unison with their eyes. The perfect synchronization of their head-movements is rather like that of the middle front row of the spectators at an important tennis match. As the skua passes over, the chicks begin a low hissing call which, as it moves away, develops into a harsh "ha", as though they were saying in chorus, "Aaaaah, th'bastard". This vituperation appears to be their only defence.

The Gentoo normally walks slowly and sedately, lifting each foot carefully and placing it with well-considered precision. The wings are held outwards and backwards and the head well forward. Unfortunately the Gentoo is an inquisitive bird. It inevitably looks round when it is being followed, thereby completely spoiling the rhythm of its

footwork. Stumbles are frequent at such times, but if it falls it usually gets up again, and seldom attempts to thump along on its belly like the Jackass Penguin.

It enters the sea from a sloping beach by waddling down until it is in four or five inches of water. Then it bends forward and thrusts its head under, so that for a second or so it shows only a smooth curve of back, with the tip of the tail sticking up behind it. It normally floats with the rump awash and the head perked up like a cormorant or diver. Occasionally it puts its head under and sticks up its tail instead. The Gentoo is fond of diving and swims submerged for long periods, popping up for a quick breath and then disappearing again. Like the northern auks it usually drives itself forward with its wings and steers with its feet. It frequently approaches the shore under water; and the first that one sees of a bird coming to land is a little quiver in the surf, and then a walking penguin struggling up out of it.



All photographs by the author

At Agrigentum: "Flowers decay, temples remain"

La Storia Greca

Temples and Marionettes in Sicily

by FOSCO MARAINI

FLOWERS decay, temples remain. Temples decay, rocks remain. Only the sea is more fundamental than rocks.

At Agrigentum in Sicily, sea, rocks and temples have the essential and final quality of eternity. Even a dandelion or a thistle acquires some sort of significance beyond its ephemeral beauty. The goat that greeted me while climbing up to the Temple of Concord was perfect mythology (but a peasant passing on a mule was definitely 20th-century).

The old man looking after the goats asked me what I was doing there: I said I had come to study the place because I was making, with some friends, a film on Sicilian marionettes and we intended to use the temples as a back-

ground. He seemed very much interested and said there was a ghost in the temple which would make a wonderful subject (so he thought) for a film. He also explained (referring to the themes of the puppet-plays) that, while in Christian times the Paladins could fight the Saracens and gain eternal merit, in ancient pagan times good and evil were not so evenly and carefully distributed and wars had a much less definite meaning. "More like nowadays, I suppose," he added. "Happy times of Charlemagne", he went on, "when a Saracen was definitely a Saracen!"

The Temple of Concord is always beautiful; at sunset or at sunrise, or in the moonlight,

but the full sun of a late afternoon brings out the real glory of the rich golden-brown porous limestone. It is not exactly known to which deity the temple was dedicated in ancient times. The humanist Tommaso Fazello (1498-1570) found an inscription near the temple which mentions Concord, but it is generally understood that the inscription had nothing to do with the temple itself.

The building is in Doric style; there are thirty-four columns, each formed of four large circular drums: every proportion is calculated according to a complicated set of standards. Traces of the coloured stucco coating are barely visible here and there. Probably two thousand years ago the same building, brilliantly white and gaudily coloured in the sun, was a horrid thing to see (rather like some Hindu temples nowadays). Certainly nothing could be more beautiful than the naked, porous stone as it is now, a mere ruin.

Fortunately the temple has been nearly perfectly preserved in its general structure. In the 6th century A.D. St Gregory transformed it into a Christian church and dedicated it to St Peter and St Paul; thus mediaeval looting never took place and the building has come down to us in its integrity. The spaces between the columns were closed and the walls of the central cell were pierced by twelve arched passages which still remain. In 1748 the Prince of Torremuzza restored the temple to its ancient state. Recently it has been very carefully repaired, and the quality of the work can be judged by the fact that it takes quite some time (except on the west front) to notice the parts which have been reinforced, though these are many.

Soon my companions arrived with a jeep, a portable theatre, which was promptly set up by the three *pupari* (puppet-workers) Carmelo, Salvatore and Iuzzo, and with all the marionettes we had taken on loan from Catania. The idea was to make the marionettes act their story against backgrounds similar to those in front of which the actual events might have taken place thousands of years ago.

Local peasants would come up to observe our preparations and chat with us. They explained very carefully how the temples must have been built (enormous stones hauled up an inclination of earth, then the earth taken away) and, after a glass or two of wine from a *fiasco* we carried with us, they started telling us of hidden treasures in the fields, of kings' tombs, of secret passages from the acropolis to the sea, from one temple to another.

Near the Temple of Concord lie the less

imposing ruins of the Temple of Juno; a series of columns standing among some ancient olive trees. "*Olivi saraceni*", the people say, meaning by this olive trees so old that they may have been planted by the Arabs, about ten centuries ago.

Beyond the valley lies the town of Agrigentum. Daedalus himself, fleeing from Crete, founded it, working together with the inhabitants of Gela, led by Aristonous and Pistilus, about 580 B.C. The city became soon so famous that Pindar called it "incredibly opulent"; he also spoke of it as "the most beautiful city of mortals".

Agrigentum languished for sixteen years under the tyrant Phalaris, one of whose hobbies consisted in roasting his enemies inside a brazen bull; their screams gave an echo the sound of which was, so they say, full of a subtle charm.

The Carthaginians destroyed Agrigentum in 405 B.C. From that date, though the city was rebuilt by Timoleon, it never regained its former greatness, and when it came into the power of the Romans, in 210 B.C., it was just another city of the many in the southern Mediterranean.

Nowadays Agrigentum is a sleepy town on top of a hill with narrow streets, old palaces, baroque churches, and lots of priests and carabinieri. Many firms in the town have adopted as a trade-mark the three columns of the Temple of Castor and Pollux. They form an extremely decorative group, perhaps because they were re-erected some years ago by Villareale and Cavallari (a sculptor and an architect) and hence are not so much a ruin as an embodiment of what some people thought ruins should be.

The few columns which remain of the Temple of Hercules offered us a perfect setting for the scene of the elopement of Paris and Helen in one of the puppet-plays. The columns of this temple also have been re-erected (by an Englishman, Captain Hardcastle, in 1922), but with so much more good sense that one does not notice the fact at all.

In many Sicilian towns marionettes are still dangerous rivals for the movies. The shows take place in small and often miserable theatres on the poorer streets; there is usually a crowd, mostly of boys and young men. An entrance ticket costs 10 lire (about 1d.). Women never attend in the cities, though at shows in the country they are often seen.

In Catania we shot some of our scenes in the theatre of Signor Laudani in the via Plaja: when the place turned out to be too small we moved into a large dilapidated barn



The Temple of Concord: "Temples decay, rocks remain"



Part of the Temple of Juno at Agrigentum, where marionettes of the Storia Greca "acted their story against backgrounds similar to those in front of which the actual events might have taken place"



Paris Alexander, hero of the central episode of the Storia Greca, in which he visits the court of King Menelaus, falls in love with Queen Helen, overcomes Menelaus' retainers and elopes with Helen



(Above) Helen, Queen of Sparta, meeting Paris for the first time.
(Opposite) A Greek warrior, fallen in the engagement with Paris.
They are puppets in the central episode of the *Storia Greca*, enacted in a short film entitled *Opera dei Pupi*. All the marionettes appearing in the film belong to the theatre of Signor Laudani in Catania, Sicily. Each of the marionettes is about three feet high. Their armour is of metal; the doll itself is made of cloth stuffed with straw; but the head is carved from wood and carefully painted





Queen Helen and a Spartan warrior ready to protect her while Paris Alexander is held in mortal combat with other retainers of her husband, King Menelaus



A moment of rest. A disgusted King Menelaus ignores the camera before which he has been acting

further down the street, where, during the summer, tomato sauce is made. The puppets were then placed (waiting for their turn to act) in enormous empty cauldrons. The owner of the barn, an old wrinkled man, had a vast knowledge of Paladins and Kings, of Heroes and Princesses. He grumbled that the prices of everything went up; only the price of tomato sauce went constantly down—"How can we live in these conditions? The taxes kill us . . ."—but the minute he named Roland or Charlemagne his eyes lit up and he moved about in a happy world of his own.

The plays belong to two great cycles. One includes events from *La Storia Greca*, the main characters being Paris, Helen, Menelaus, Ulysses and so on. The other includes events from *Le Storie dei Paladini*, and brings on the scene Roland, Angelica, Reynold, Charlemagne, Agricane and others. The plays of the *Storia Greca* are mainly taken from the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*; those of the Paladins from

mediaeval books such as *La Cronaca di Turpino*, *I Reali di Francia* or from famous poems of the 16th century, like Pulci's *Morgante* or Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*.

Every evening a new episode is enacted and slowly a whole cycle is brought before the audience; this may take anything from a few months to nearly a year. Some characters are immensely popular, for instance Reynold, and the minute they appear on the scene the house shows its approval with enthusiastic cheers. The fighting is always a terrific climax, specially when the just and sinless hero overcomes a villain.

These popular Sicilian theatricals are in many ways an epitome of the island's long and varied history, in which Greek merchants and warriors, Carthaginian adventurers, Roman praetors, Byzantine generals, Saracen conquerors, Norman invaders and Spanish lords have all at one time or another played an important part.

The Lisbon Character

by MARCUS CHEKE



ul Popper

Lisbon, as seen from the Tagus, provides "a panorama comparable in beauty to the Golden Horn"

Mr Cheke served for ten years at H.M. Embassy at Lisbon. He is the author of Carlotta Joaquina, Queen of Portugal and of a Life of the Marquis of Pombal, published by Sidgwick and Jackson

THERE are three different ways of arriving in Lisbon—by sea, by rail, and by air. The traveller who has the eye of an artist or who feels an interest in history will prefer to get his first impression by sea. As his ship steams up the Tagus, there opens before him a panorama comparable in beauty to the Golden Horn. Facing south and crowding to the water's edge under a sky of glittering blue, Lisbon on its seven hills shimmers like mother-of-pearl. It is this quality of almost melodramatic beauty which at any hour of day makes an indelible impression on an artist's mind. If, on the other hand, our traveller is an historian, he will gaze with interest at the quays from which, in the 15th century, sailed the fragile Portuguese caravels that discovered the continent of South America, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, penetrated to the farthest corners of the China seas, and circumnavigated the globe. It is a scene which forcibly conjures up the past, and which is crowded too with

associations of that ancient alliance which for six hundred years has bound Portugal and Great Britain, a political connection unprecedented in the history of nations.

From the deck of his ship the passenger can discern all the principal buildings of the western parts of the city: the Jeronimos Convent built to celebrate the voyage of Vasco da Gama to the Indies, the royal Ajuda Palace, and, in the distance up-river, the silhouette of St George's castle, the capture of which from the Moors in 1147 by King Alfonso Henriques—a feat of arms in which some English crusaders, on their way to Palestine, participated—was the first great event of Portugal's history.

A feature of Lisbon which is immediately evident to anyone who has experience of far-off lands, and who has seen the coasts of India and South America, is the abundant proof that she is the mother of an overseas Empire. At the entrance to the Tagus are old sun-baked forts which with their crum-

bling ochre battlements and their pepper-pot turrets are the prototype of forts to be seen at Pernambuco, at Lourenço Marques, at Goa, at Macao. And in the Lisbon streets the pavements are decorated with tessellated patterns in black and white like those of the via Branca in Rio de Janeiro. For wherever the Portuguese went over the Seven Seas they carried with them their architecture together with their religion, their language, and their gentle manners.

Another marked architectural characteristic of Lisbon is the fact that, except for a very few 19th-century buildings such as a Portuguese Gothic railway station which would assuredly delight Mr Osbert Lancaster, the city belongs overwhelmingly either to the 18th century or to the completely modern period of the past two decades. There are simple reasons for this apparently curious fact. The whole of the central portion of the city, with all the palaces and monuments of Mediaeval and Renaissance days, was utterly destroyed on All Saints' Day, 1755, in one of the most famous earthquakes known to history. The shock was felt immediately

underneath the centre of the capital. A preliminary upheaval lasted for six minutes. The churches collapsed on top of their congregations; priests were buried in the debris of their altars; noblemen were killed in their carriages; the Principal of the English Catholic Seminary of the Inglesinhos was crushed by the fall of the great bell in the Seminary tower; entire streets of houses crumbled on their foundations. There was an interval of five minutes and there then followed a second shock more violent than the first. Only two quarters of Lisbon survived this celebrated catastrophe: the old Moorish quarter on the east which stands to this day and is known as the Alfama—it is the most typical and picturesque part of Old Lisbon—and the suburb of Belem to the west, which every ship passes as she sails up the Tagus. Here the Jeronimos Convent still flaunts its "Manueline Gothic" style, loaded with its characteristic ornament of coiling ropes carved in high relief.

Fortunately, Portugal was rich enough to repair the damage done by the earthquake, and the rebuilding of Lisbon was planned

The Alfama, or Moorish quarter of Old Lisbon; from its network of alley-ways there rises up a succulent odour of soup-bowls and the strident cries, softened by distance, of street-vendors



Pictorial Press



Belem Tower stands at the mouth of the Tagus, and for 400 years its guns have saluted ships arriving at Lisbon. Although considerably restored during the 19th century it preserves much of the original "Manueline Gothic" ornamentation



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(Above) *The favourite setting for military parades is still the magnificent Terreiro do Paço (Black Horse Square) built by the Marquis of Pombal after the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755; in the centre he raised an equestrian statue of his master, King Joseph I. Here the Portuguese Legion, a volunteer force devoted to the maintenance of national traditions, salutes the President of the Republic, Dr Salazar.* (Right) *Another tangible reminder of Lisbon's past history is the Jeronimos Convent, erected on the spot from which Vasco da Gama sailed in 1497 to discover a sea-route to the Indies; a copious richness of Manueline detail decorates its façade*



By courtesy of Casa de Portugal, London



Pictorial Press

The stirring history of Portugal is depicted in mosaics (laid during the 1930s) in Lisbon's Marquis of Pombal Square. The ship is evidently that which carried St Vincent's body to Portugal, for it bears the ravens that waited on the saint; (in many Portuguese wine-shops the living descendants of these birds are still cherished)

The broad Avenue of Liberty, whose name evokes eternally the 'Liberal' enthusiasm of the 19th century. In "the bad old days" this was the battle-ground of frequent revolutions; today it serves as a busy artery of traffic and also as a pleasant promenade for Lisbon's citizens



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and directed by the "Benevolent Despot", the Marquis of Pombal. The central portion of the city as we know it was the result of his energy and good taste.

The reason why Lisbon contains so few monuments dating from the 19th century is that owing to the dismemberment of her Empire resulting from the declaration of independence of Brazil in 1822, and for political reasons which are too complicated to be explained in a short article such as this, Portugal in the 19th century fell into a prolonged state of poverty and stagnation. This period ended in 1928 with the inception of the existing political régime which for twenty-one years has given the country order and stability.

The evidence of a renewed national vitality owing its existence to the inspiration of Dr Salazar today surrounds the traveller on every hand. New hospitals, schools, housing-estates and arterial roads hem in the old capital of the Marquis of Pombal. In immediate juxtaposition with the colossal aqueduct of King John V (one of the few pre-1755 monuments that withstood the earthquake),

a modern housing-estate has been set on the edge of a newly-planted public park on Monsanto Hill.

If you arrive at Lisbon by air you will get a bird's-eye view of all these brand-new developments long before your 'plane touches down on the sun-hot asphalt of the Portella airport. Your taxi will hurtle you down wide smooth avenues between towering blocks of ferro-concrete flats and past the enormous bare façade of the Engineering College. It cannot be said that these modern quarters of the city have any of the charm of 18th-century Lisbon. They might belong to Montevideo, or Buenos Aires, or even Chicago. The glare is dazzling—out come your dark glasses!—and there is no shelter here from the dusty wind which blows all evening in the summer months. But doubtless they are in harmony with the age of planned economies and social services, while the sentimentalist who complains that the place is being "spoiled" must bear in mind that Old Lisbon, if it was marvellously picturesque, was also undoubtedly insanitary.

Not even the sentimentalists, however, will

70,000 spectators assemble to watch a gymnastic display in the new National Sports Stadium to the west of Lisbon—"one of the outstandingly successful architectural achievements of Modern Europe"

By courtesy of Casa de Portugal, London





Constantly one is reminded of Lisbon's close connection with the sea. In her streets are frequently seen simple fisherfolk, such as the old man here shown, who wears a woollen cap of Peninsular War days; though possibly unlettered he nevertheless has the wisdom of antiquity and the courtesy of a great prince

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be tempted to regret the new National Sports Stadium, which is truly admirable. Built of stone, built for eternity, this immense crater which can accommodate 70,000 spectators has been set on a hill-side to the west of the city, commanding a view as far as the horizon of river, and hills, and sea. Surely it is one of the outstandingly successful architectural achievements of modern Europe.

But now let us imagine that our taxi, on its way from the airport, has passed the outer suburbs and has plunged into the cool and tortuous streets of the centre. Here all is noise and bustle. On the crowded pavements everyone is talking, arguing and bargaining, indifferent to the clanging of trams, the hooting of taxis, and the screams of fish-wives hawking their wares on donkey-back or in flat baskets balanced on their heads; baskets filled not only with fish but with vegetables of every description, even live hens under a net,

borne on their vendors' heads, precariously yet safely, above the throng. Yes, every tongue is in motion, and in talk between no-matter-how-many Portuguese everyone can talk simultaneously; moreover, each one heightens the emphasis of his argument with gestures of a dramatic vivacity. Indeed, so practised are these people in the art of gesticulation that to dispute a bill in a restaurant, or to fix a date with a sweetheart, the spoken word need not really be employed at all.

The stage on which this animated scene is set is seldom level. Except in the central valley of the town, known as the Baixa, where are situated the principal shops, offices and counting-houses, no street is flat. Your taxi (negotiating at breakneck speed the confusion of traffic and pedestrians with a skill that is almost supernatural) rushes up slopes that tilt you onto your back and which

The Joaquim Francisco, pride of her master's heart, has brought sand to Lisbon from south of the Tagus and is being unloaded by the barefoot women who form so distinctive a feature of the town. The baskets on their heads are of the same pattern as those used for carrying vegetables and fish through the streets



Fritz Henle

reward you for a fleeting moment at the top with a breath-taking view of the Tagus alive with shipping, and of the Palmela hills twenty miles off to the south. Then the car plunges into some seemingly bottomless abyss, shadowed on either hand by old houses that rise like cliffs piled one on top of the other, till this precipitous thoroughfare suddenly opens in front of you in a tropical blaze of sunshine revealing perhaps a barge in full sail loaded with melons or brushwood, gliding along the river-front. Some streets and alleys in Lisbon are so steep that they are not passable to wheeled traffic at all, and have been cut into flights of steps. In two places, funicular trams crawl from one level to the other, while in the thick of the Baixa a vast cast-iron tower, designed by the famous Eiffel, contains a lift to bear you aloft to the heights of the Largo do Carmo—this is most useful for English visitors who, after

a hot morning's shopping, wish to lunch at the Royal British Club.

Never for long can you forget that Lisbon is a port, a Queen of the Seas like Venice. The fish displayed for sale is so fresh it seems to be still dripping with the salt water it has just vacated. Shops selling parrots and parakeets, "peach-faces" and bib-finches—from Angola, or Timor, or San Thomé—are audible as well as visible. Every tavern (whose dark interior has the richness of a Rembrandt painting) reeks not only of wine-dregs and rancid olive-oil and garlic, but of fresh sardines being fried in oil over charcoal fires fanned by witches. Even that staple food of the working classes, the dried cod-fish, stiff as wooden boards, that hangs on the grocers' shopfronts, exhales an acrid smell of sea-weed and the sea. And every evening when the jolly-boats come to the steps of Black Horse Square from the Arsenal at the



A. J. Thornton

other side of the river, the streets are full of sailors striding along with lithe and rolling gait.

There are other features of Lisbon, besides this sense of proximity to the sea, that give it an immemorial air. The haunting songs that are sung in certain cafés to the accompaniment of guitars (these songs are known as *Fados* and are the same which once charmed the ear of William Beckford of Fonthill) reveal their derivation from the Moorish occupation of remote times. Again, in the streets of the capital are often to be seen peasants or simple fishermen in the green and red sashes and woollen caps of Peninsular War days, gazing with naïve wonder at the trams and the electric lights. They carry with them a breath of the far country, of a rural existence of biblical simplicity. They are like the honest woodcutters or millers of a fairy-tale.

The manners and pastimes of Portuguese society of all ranks represent a jumble of old and modern. The rich business-man will ride home today in one of those ultra-modern American automobiles that look like gigantic half-sucked lozenges, and his house will be fitted with bathrooms worthy of a luxury hotel in New York; but his men-servants wear ornate livery, and his relationships with his numerous family and still more numerous domestics are patriarchal, as in Portugal in the 18th century. Indeed, Portuguese family life constantly reminds one of the days of Beckford's friend, the legendary Marquis of Marialva. There survived well into the thirties of the present century figures such as the aged Countess S who in her palace in the Rua das Chagas, every night of her life and all night through, quarrelled over the card-table with her crony, a Titular Arch-

bishop. Meanwhile, in the numerous cafés of the Baixa (cafés where, in obedience to ancient tradition, no women enter) coffee-sippers are seated day and night discussing (when they are not gossiping endlessly of love and money) Democracy and Tyranny in the style of, and with almost the same vocabulary as, early 19th-century liberals and poets. Each man is a Thiers, a Lamartine! Bitter and prolonged are the altercations between rival poets, accusing each other with flashing eyes of plagiarizing each other's sonnets. But the quarrel is suspended at the sight of one of those pretty women whose eyes, in Richard Ford's phrase, "can go through you like a bullet". "Love", wrote an 18th-century traveller, "is as universal a passion on the shores of the Tagus, as *Liberty* on the Thames."

To see Lisbon life at its most typical, it is necessary either to attend a religious service in one of the town's numerous Italianate churches, or to assist at some sporting event (such as a bull-fight, a partridge-shoot, or a football-match), or else to join in the festivals which on summer nights transform the narrow cobbled streets into open-air dance-halls in honour of St Anthony, St John and St Peter. Before the altar where the priest is celebrating mass, or under the Chinese lanterns of a *festa*, or on the crowded benches of the bull-ring and the Stadium, all classes of the population, rich and poor, mingle shoulder to shoulder in a community of enjoyment—an absence of inequality—seldom to be met with in northern countries, even though the latter may enjoy the blessings of democratic parliamentary institutions. Indeed, at all times of emotion in Portugal differences in rank evaporate. The young nobleman, on the announcement of his engagement in marriage, will receive a warm congratulatory hug from the coachman. But it is when death visits a Portuguese house that the transformation is most complete. The house-doors are thrown open, and a seemingly endless procession of mourners of every conceivable social category files up the stairs and past the bier. On the day of the funeral, all follow the hearse through the streets on foot to pay their last tributes at the cemetery. The unquestioning religious faith of the whole concourse of people makes this scene a truly moving spectacle.

Such, then, is the subtle essence of Lisbon's character; it is a city where contrasting centuries and classes, ancient simplicity and modern luxury, coalesce into the embodiment of a national spirit whose enduring vitality is the key to Portugal's history.

The Tavernas of Syra

by CHRISTOPHER KININMONTH

From a book on the Aegean Islands, The Children of Thetis, to be published shortly by John Lehmann

A *taverna* is, as you guess, a tavern where food is served with wine, or wine drunk for its own sake with a little food "to aid digestion". Most of the tavernas of Hermoupolis are close to the waterfront; many occupy the whole ground floor of the wharfside buildings and so have entrances giving on to the quay and the parallel street behind it. They are open from early morning until the small hours and supply seamen, travellers and fishers with meals at all the irregular times their lives require. One rarely sees a taverna empty of customers though it is after dark that they become most lively.

I vividly remember my first experience of a taverna. It was the night of St Andreas when barrels of the new wine are first broached. My friend and guide suggested we should make a round of the town to discover which taverna had the best wine since this would become the gathering place of the *meraklides*, the *bons viveurs*, until the barrel was finished and a better one broached elsewhere. However, in the first taverna we visited we found two boatmen friends, Themistocles and Panayis, with Themistocles' sailor cousin Louki, who said it would be foolhardy to risk drinking wine by going anywhere else. We sat down with them and the *tavernaris* brought more glasses with a blue-enamelled measure filled with the raw, resinated wine of Greece and plates of *mésé*. In pretentious places the *mésé* is little more than an appetiser but in a genuine taverna one gets a bowl of salad, grilled fish, eggs, yoghurt, cheese, fried liver and tasty octopus. By taking a mouthful between each drink the pleasant period of getting drunk is extended beyond the ordinary.

The three friends were already much cheered by the time we arrived and soon they were singing. Particularly in the tavernas the Greeks take great pride in their singing and never, it seems, do they sing badly. Even when

a party becomes agreeably inconsistent and fuddled wits stray inconsequently from idea to idea, the singing is precise in tune and time, the words remembered and distinct. At several tables there was singing and a favourite song would be taken up by the whole room; at other times all would drink silently while one acknowledged singer sang solo. With an elbow on the table, leaning the angle of his jaw against the ball of his hand, he sang with closed eyes, his head tilted back and his throat straining in the difficult voice control demanded by klepht music. In the smoke-filled room there sounded an echo of wild people in wild places telling of easy blood-letting and an unbridled nostalgia. Then bang went the measure on the table top to call for more wine and Louki would yell out the first line of *Barba Yannis with the ta-a-all hat*—and the whole company would be rioting off again. There were caïque crews and watermen, sponge-fishers and tradesmen and, in the far corner, the bachelor doctor and the lawyer who disagreed with his wife, lonely men who always ate together in this taverna. Presently the door was flung open and a raffish group of boys and youths entered, drawn in by the noise of the mounting *kefi* (that wonderful Greek word for which "good spirits" is so emasculated a translation). They were a band like any other gang of boys with wild oats to sow but they were Greeks and therefore their adolescence was a brilliant thing, parti-coloured by a strange maturity and youthful humility, shot through with a dionysiac streak so irresistible that even their complaining mothers are unable to conceal their attraction towards it.

Later, arms around each other's necks, we went along the quay to a café where we added cognac to coffee. A fiddler came in and the Greeks of the party danced traditional dances with a fine, confident abandon or, with a rather solemn care, guided one another

and the caique boys through shuffling fox-trots and uncertain tangos.

When the crowd melts from the evening parade, these tavernas fill with their miscellaneous patrons, becoming live coals of fellowship in the darkness. But the quayside is lined with cafés and sweetmeat shops also. Although in fact most tavernas throughout Greece are whitewashed and their proprietors show a partiality for blue or maroon paintwork, in one's memories they seem always of a warm red or ochre. Perhaps it is the warm light and the red wine that colour the memory. The sweetmeat shops are invariably a garish green as though too much angelica might be expected on the cakes. The cafés on the other hand favour dados of an elderly brown and give an impression of cosy and conservative colourlessness brightened by placards advertising cigarettes. Indeed the oleographs which are so often repeated on the café walls, the over-rosy *evzone* on the yellow background advertising Fix's beer who greets one so constantly, are as characteristic of the country as the clarity of the Greek air. The stern moustaches of the heroes of the War of Independence, their long and passionate eyes and their richly braided jackets, as depicted in many popular series of prints, are as much a part of Greece as the noble sites of the ruins which so impress the tourist coming ashore from his cruising liner.

These cafés also put out tables and chairs on the quay and seek to entertain their customers with the music of gramophones amplified through pick-ups and electric speakers. Their constant and garish noise is a part of the character of Syra, something individual. On warm spring nights while the tempo hums in the tavernas there is a lyrical dilatoriness along the wharf and few people only sit in the cafés or the bright acid interiors of the sweet shops. The pick-ups roar out their nostalgic tangos or the yearning, opiate *mangas* songs. The true *mangas* is a hashish smoker of the Pireaus. Swaggering or decrepit, living a strange life of stimulated activity or drugged repose, these men are overlaid by erotic pipe-dreams both waking and sleeping. From the depths of their intense and vivid unreality these songs have originated. They express the laments and cravings with which the *mangas* reacts to the realities of the world—so they are such songs as the "Sayings of Prison" or "I am going to Egypt where I cannot live. . ."

Marcos is the great composer of *mangas* tunes; he is a heavy man who plays in his

own orchestra of *kithara*, violin, zyther and piano. They play for sailors and manges near the down-town square in Athens or on the arid coast of New Phalaeron. All over Greece the extraordinary voice of Marcos, forced up from his great stomach in agonies of nostalgia, greets one from the tavernas and cafés. Particularly in the ports is one haunted by the sadness of this voice as it sings his own songs and answers the words with jangling abandoned refrains on his *kithara*. The enthusiasm of popular taste for Marcos' music has been amazing since the war, the hopelessness and rich sickness of it has found a response in every Greek. As yet this people has not seen the gleam of hope that will rally them from the dazed misery with which they confront the ruin and despair war has brought them. Marcos' music exactly expresses their homesickness for something once real but so utterly gone that it might have been a hashish dream. In all the gaiety they can still create out of their kefi there is a melancholy expressed when the men sing these songs and dance those twirling, dipping, poising *hassapikos* and *zebekikos* dances to the long rhythms of Marcos' monotonous and distracted minor keys.

A stretch of quayside is lined with caiques, moored stern on. They lie quietly and occasional figures sit upon them in the gloom beyond the light's reach. The boat boys sleep early on guard; the crews fill the cafés and tavernas, coming back to ship from the lively row of the port into the silent, swaying darkness. There are dark empty stretches of the quay where stores are closed; only thin bands of light show where there is warmth and sound. Always there is an air of something toward, whether innocent or illicit it would be impossible to say. It keeps one alert for the unexpected. The sorrowfulness of the silent stretches is emphasized by the distant gramophones; it is a poignant loneliness into which, ahead in a shaft of light, a noisy, merry group of men suddenly stumbles.

But they have gone before you reach them, or they fall quiet as you pass, keeping their enjoyment secret and private. Only a waiter is left piling the chairs in the shaft of light. The port is quieting, subsiding into sleep and one feels foreign, alone. Or you perhaps have fallen in with company and the bright interiors are yours; maybe you are foreign, but you are welcome. And when you have parted from them your companions' voices are no longer tantalizing as, singing, they come clearly across the water.